



The Automobile Girl.

Another bright meteor flashes across The skies of this workaday world; Of all of the dazzlers she soon will b All rivals from power will be hurled!

trim as a 2-year-old running on

grass. A picture from summit to heel-That fearless, intropld American lass-The girl on the automobile.

She handles the lever with delicate skill, Sits straight in her seat as a queen;

Elie skims the smooth levels and scales every hill With ease on her silent machine. Her eyes are a-sparkle with jolly delight,

Her song has a silvery peal, As onward she speeds in enjoyable flight, The girl on the automobile.

The fellow she honors with place at he

To take a spin over the street

Swells up like a toad on a log in his pride,

As stiffly he sits on the seat.

He knows he is stared at by all of his

Can picture the envy they feel
To see him enthroned by that maiden so proud-The girl on the automobile.

Ye sweet 'cycle fairies, with skirts spli in twain, Your it-ness is waning at last!

Ye maidens who drive tailless horses your reign
Will soon be a thing of the past!
You long have been held as the cream

of your sex; But now in this new-fangled deal You'll get the keen gaff in your beautiful

From the girl on the automobile.

-Denver Evening Post.

Perfume Parties.

One of the Newest Ideas That May

Become Popular. New ideas for parties are most welcom in these days, when we are all craving for novelties that are not to be had. Book teas have become suburban, flower teas euggestion made by Sir Edwin Arnold should be halled with delight by fanciful hostesses, and some pretty conceits should awaist us in the lovely spring offernoons, when we all like to surround ourse ves with all that is prettiest and faintiest.

rare beauty or charm who could induce all the men of her acquaintance to forego smoking for practically a whole day, and live on crystalized violets and ice wafers, In order to have the privilege of laying sachet at her feet, and courting a head-ache in an atmosphere of musk and lotus and patchouli. However, new ideas are and patchouli. However, new ideas are so scarce that the Ko-Kwai is sure to be tried. It remains to be seen what we make of it in the West.-Chicago News.

How a German Princess is Brought Up The Princess Victoria, the only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany being brought up in a homely Dutch

The Emperor said: "I could wish no The Emperor said: "I could wish no better for the men of my nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of their Empress and devote their lives as she does, to the cultivation of the three great K's-Kirche, Kinder and Kuche." And it may be readily understood that a woman whose life is bound by church, children and kitchen will train her daughter in domestic virtues. The little Princess knows nothing of pomp. luxury or self-indulgence. She gets up at 6 o'clock in the morning, and until 1 o'clock, the hour when the imperial family d'nes, is busy with her tuperial family dines, is busy with her Her mind and body are carefully watched over by her mother. Her play hours are as systematically arranged as her study hours. There were already six sons when this little daughter was born to the house of Honenzollern and the coming of a baby sister was a happy event. There is rowing on the lake with her brothers, riding on her pet pony, plenicking in the woods of the park, and long botanizing expeditions with her moth-er as companion, through the beautiful grounds that surround the palace at Pots-

dam.
Princess Victoria has an intense love for animals. She has pets of many kinds—dogs, a big white cat, birds, fish, squir--dogs, a big white cat, birds, fish, squir-rels, and rabbits, and it is her daily delight to feed them with her own hands. She is a quiet, amiable, affectionate little girl, with much of her mother's sweetness of nature.-Harper's Bazar.

"A Woman Lifts Her Lover."

So pure, so sweetly good she is, So hopelessly above you! White as a lily-bud she is— Why should she ever love you?

Yet let this thought your sad heart stir. Yet let this thought your saw.

A woman lifts her lover:
And you shall grow more like to her
While you're a-winning of her.

—May Century.

My Lady's Right Hand.

In some of the little things of life woourse ves with all that is prettiest and faintiest.

The idea of the author of "The Light of ing in court because she didn't know her

A Society Martyr. Rustling brown of silk 'neath the foam of old lace. A half-languid smile upon each listless

face—
A dreaming of roses and roseleaf shades—
A medley of modern and Grecian maids.

Such clatter and clink
One scarcely can think.
Till be sales at the where he lanely

One scarcely can think,
Till he spies a shy nook where he lonely
can sink—
For how can a bachelor be at his ease
With such variant emotions at afternoon

teas?

Fair Phyllis' gold lashes demurely cast down, Her face in sweet doubt 'twixt a smile

and a frown—
A venturesome rosebud o'ertopping the rest Now lies all a-quiver upon her white breast.

breast.
The curves of her neck—
Man's vows often wreck—
She has the whole world at her call and So how can a bachelor be at his ease

With such varient emotions at afternoon Behind sheltering palms, safe from gossips' sharp gaze, Is acted in mind one of life's dearcst

Sweet Bessie's brown eyes raised beseech. ingly up. Her lips just released from the kiss of her

And Fred, I much fear, From small sounds that I hear, Is as bold as the rim of her cup—and as near-

And how can a bachelor be at his ease With such sights and such sounds at our afternoon teas?

and Fred-Each smile and each look and each toss of the head-And wender and ponder and figure and scheme, While fortune and fashion 'gainst love

Shrewd maters watch Phyllis and Bessie

tip the beam,

For Bessie's dark locks And Phyllis' smart frocks Are but snares to entrap the society

Pray, how can a bachelor be at his ease With such artful devices at afternoon

-Brown Magazine.

A Remarkable Ring.

It Contains a Tiny Music Box and Has a Pathetic History.

The most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple of London. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly-prized old family heirloom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme.

the extreme.

Inside of his tiny circlet of gold are the works of a perfect little music box. You touch a spring and hold the ring cuite close to your ear. Then you hear the sweetest, welrdest, thiest little tune, which seems like a voice from spirit-land.

This ring was once in the possession of one of Mr. Temple's ancestors, who lived is Penney He was a stanch royalist, and in France. He was a stanch royalist, and in the days of the revolution he valiantly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Louis and his lively, doomed queen, Marie Antoinette. He was arrested and thrown into jail, where he lingered for days and One of his few pleasures in the gloomy

One of his few pleasures in the laborate solitude of his dreary dungeon was to listen to the voice or tune of the little musical ring, which he always wore not the third finger of his left hand. He had inherited it from his grandfather, who had it manufactured in Geneva at great One day, sullen-faced men, heavily arm-

One day, sullen-faced men, nearly admed, came to his dark dungton and told him he must follow them. He knew that this meant the guillotine. He stepped bravely out to meet his fate, determined to die like an Euglish gentleman and a brave man. And he did.

man. And he did.

A strange fancy took possession of him just before they led him to the block. He touched the spring of his little ring and lovingly held it to his ear. It sang its little tune merrily and briskly.

Then the signal came. He laid his head on the guillotine which a few hours before head known the life blood of a

on the guillotine which a few hours be-fore had known the life blood of a In the course of time the little ring found its way back to the Temple family

but it was silent. Its present owner took it to a London jeweler, who found in the musical mechanism a clot of blood that for years had lain there and impeded the working of the machinery.

This was removed, and the little ring sings again the same little tune that beguiled the many sad hours of its former owner.—Chicago Times-Hera d.

Embarrassment of Riches.

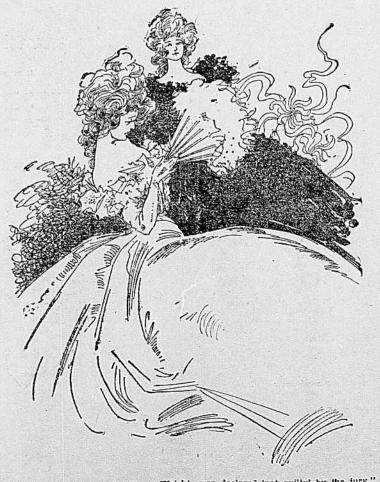
Freddie-What do you mean by the embarrassment of riches, dad?
Cobwigger-Well, my boy, I once heard of a woman who had a \$25,000 set of dishes, and she was so afraid of the servents have been the servents. vants breaking them that she washed them herself.-What-to-Eat.

Wide Open.

Wide Open.

Miss Skreecher—I noticed that Dr. Brown, who sat next to you, was quite interested in my singing last night.

Miss Peppery—I don't think it was your singing, dear, He turned to me when you had finished and said: "I never miss an opportunity to study the tonsils: it's my specially, you know."—Philadelphia Press.



"I myself know an intelligent young woman who has to make a little moston as if she were writing with both hands before she can determine the right one,

and she declares that all her acquaintances

are affected in like manner, so, perhaps, this is a general feminine failing, and the

colored witness was unjustly excluded.

A portrait bust of Nathan Hale will

June 6th, the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the town. Hale taught school in East Haddarn before the revolution. The bust will be placed on the site of the old school-house.

"I see by the paper that Doem Wright was declared 'not guilty' by the jury."
"But he admitted his guilt upon the st and."
"I know; but he is such a liar that non e of the jurymen believed him."

JAPANESE JOURNALISM.

It Has Been Found an Effective In-

strument of Reform. However, there was one feature of Jap-anese life under the feudal regime which was favorable to the establishment and growth of journalism, says T. J. Naka wa, in the Forum. Under the rule of the teritorial lords, freedom of speech was by no means tyrannically suppressed. As by no means tyrannically suppressed. As a general rule, these nobles were carefully educated from early youth in the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. They were surrounded also by advisers—elders of the house as they was called selected from among the ablest and most experienced of their vassals, whose duty it was to advise their masters upon all matters of importance. The system was ne calculated to impress upon the nobleman a realization of the responsibil-ities of his position and a due respect for the opinion of others. The study of the political doctrines inculcated by Con-fucius and Mencius did much to make him liberal and tolerant; for although China was in their day, as it is now, an absolute monarchy, the political phicosophy of the sages named was not by any means moulded in the same cast. On the contrary, their sayings are full of a genuinely democratic spirit. Mencius goes so far as to declare that a dynasty could, and should, continue so long only as its line of action was acceptable to the will of heaven—that is, to the people. He said that such wise Emperors as Yao and Shun did not disdain the suggestions of Now it is a curious fact that while

in China the sayings of these ancient philosophers have been studied merely as models of literary style, the tendency in Japan has been toward the practical appilication of their teachings. Small won-der, therefore, that education based up-on such broad and liberal doctrines should have caused Japanese feudal lords should have caused Japanese return folds not only to concede to their elders and counsciors the right freely to express their views, but to encourage the same freedom among vassals generally. Thus in the samural were fostered a frankness in the enunciation of his views and a feeling of responsibility for the welfare of his moster and of his fellows. In the of his master and of his fellows. In of his master and of his fellows. In the broader field of national aaffirs, education, training and usages impressed upon the duty of redressing the wrongs of the people and of erecting abuses of power, and when journalism was introduced he found in the vocation a natural and an effective instrument of reform. This explains why. instrument of reform. This explains why at the inception of journalism enterprise in Japan, the letters were mostly of the samural class, and why the professior itself was regarded as a most honorable

Balzac, the Prince of Realists. Balzac, the Prince of Realists

Balzac is the greatest French novellst. One-third or one-half of the best French novels are his, and from him dates nearly all that is excellent in the theory and practice of his successors. Since his day the men who have done most for the art of fiction in France, the men who have developed it and kept it vital, have been his disciples. He expressly formulated, and on many a page he illustrated, an unimon many a page he illustrated, an unim-peachable doctrine of realism. Fidelity to the truth as derived by actual observation, or capable of being tested by observa-tion—this. Balzac taught, is an indispensa-ble quality in a novelist. He is the great-est French novelist, but wrote some of the most inartistic books in all French litera-ture. He was the father of the realists: most inartistic books in all reach thereture. He was the father of the realists; yet, for many of his works his sons are tempted to disown him. Moreover, he conceived and carried aut, to an astonishing extent, the idea of representing in fiction the life of his time in France, so that no essential feature should be lacking; and be did all, this in such wise that the piche did all this in such wise that the picture, though complete in almost every feature—complete beyond praise and beyond parallel in literature or any other art—is a mere distortion of the truth!—From "Balzac," by George McLean Harper, in the May Scribner's.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Electricians used to the older methods of telegraphy, and business men inter-ested in them, are somewhat reluctant to ested in them, are somewhat reluctant to acknowledge the possibilities of "wireless telegraphy," just as gas engineers were slow to believe in electric lighting. It is human nature. Unable to deny that Marconi has been successful in a measure, some telegraph engineers are disposed to limit the wireless telegraph to short distances of a few miles, and say it will only be useful for a coast commisit will only be useful for a coast communication to lightships, etc. Professor R. A. Fessenden, however, in the "Transla-tions of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers," shows that Marconi's law for the range of signalling, namely, that it is proportional to the product of the heights of the verical wires used at the sending and receiving stations, has a rational basis, and, therefore, with high enough sending and receiving wires, as well as powerful sparks, and slight im-provements in the apparatus, the range might be carried to a thousand miles or more.-London Globe.

Eclipse of Sun Comes from the Wes Move eastward, hapy earth, and leave You orange sunset waning slow; From fringes of the faded eve, O happy planet, eastward go.

The eastward motion of the earth it is which gives an apparent westward progress to the sun. When we are on moving train, going eastward, all the a moving train, going eastward, at the trees and fixed objects seem to fly west-ward as we pass them. The moon moves eastward with the earth, but the shadow of the moving moon, cast on the moving earth, traverses the earth's surface from west to east, and so any eclipse of the sun by the moon will be visible earlier in the west than the east. We, north of the equinoctial, must view-mentally, at least-celestial objects with our faces southward. Locating in this way the sun, moon and earth, and remembering the direction of the real motion of the two planets, we shall see that a solar eclipse must be first visible in or proceed from the west and a lunar one from the east.-New Lippincott.

Mark Twain's Latest.

Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright, scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known the was there at all. The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American, who had only that day reached England. They were, of course, talking war, and the newcomer, wishing to know the feeling in England, in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republics. said the genial humorist, "I

find the English are paraphrasing a par of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating. 'Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' "-Saturday Evening Post.

'Our First International Marriage. Some people are giving to thinking that

of the Rolfe family. In this hall hangs a portrait by De Passe of a handsome young woman, with high cheekbones, and complexion splendidly swarthy. Around this portrait are the words Matoaka Rebecka, filia potentis Prince Powhatani Imp. Virginiae, and on a space below the portrait are these words, "Matoaka, alias Rebecka, daughter of the mighty Prince Powhatani, Emperor The Heliagraph War. the mighty Prince Powhatani, Emperor of Attanough Komouck of Virginia; a Christian convert, and married to the Worshipful Mr. Thomas Rolff, Aged 21. Princess Pocahontas was printed but a few weeks before she died on board a ship about to sail for America. She was buried in the parish church of Gravesend, at the mouth of the river Thames, and to this day the curlous can see the following entry in the parish regthe following entry in the parish register: "1616. March 21. Rebecca Wrolfe, wife of Thomas Wrolfe, gent, a Virginia lady born, was buried here in the chauncell." Unfortunately the original edifice was burnt down a century ago, otherwise Americans could now look upon the tomb of the first American girl who took an English husband .- Saturday Evening

The Bachelor in the Wood.

Beauty I trod, who trod in bridal woods A midnight galaxy of violets, A milky way of flushed spring beauties, starred

starred With pleiades of all golden addertongue— How could that blossomed fire be else The height of a woman's ankle in the wood? than this,

Passion I breathed, who found all air a harp To passionate brown thrushes shaken and thrilled,
The pauses in that magic ministrelsy

Filled with a music's echo of cardinals— How could that warbled fire be else than this. The height of a woman's lips within the

But love, but love, how shall I find it here,
O April, Aphrodite, here alone?

flowers, These sing unto their mates; but love, my

love?
Is it where the hawk hangs on the moving cloud, The height of a woman's heart above

Joseph Russell Taylor, in the Atlantic.

Home Life in Porto Rico,

To one unaccustomed to tropical condi-tions, the furnishing of the Porto Rican home would at first sight seem measre, but it is quite simple. A short residence will demonstrate that nearly 500 years of experience with the unpleasant features of ife in the West Indies have been crowned by a survival of the fittest in house-fur-nishing as in other matters.

Austrian bent-wood furniture and also

wicker-work and willow-ware, constitute the main equipment of the parlors and living rooms. Upholstered furniture is unknown and undesired, little or no attempt being made at decoration except in the matter of embroidery and fine hand-made lace work. Hundreds of yards of crochet work are used in the embellishment of a single canopied bed. This work is the chief delight of the Porto Rican house-

wife. The walls are for the most part bare, but here and there a painting of merit may be seen. The sofa pillow is the one great feature of the home; it is everywhere, in every concelvable size, shape and material. Ferns of gigantic size and exquisite formation, as well as broad-spreading palm leaves, are used to festoon the walls and arched doorways. Cut fresh from day to day, they render the dark, cool rooms inviting and attractive. Potted tropical plants in great variety abound within and without the house.—Harper's Bazar.

Rome's Birthday.

An American pilgrim writes from Rome: "Coming down to breakfast the other morning I found a most original and charming invitation to the festival of the Ludi Seculares (Fete of the Change of the Century), which this year was united to the fete always given on Rome's birthday. The invitation was an exact reproduction of the description of the Ludi Seculares of 737 A. D., cut in marble, now preserved in the Diocletian Museum, after having of the chief documents proving that Rome was founded on April 21st. So curious a festival was not to be overlooked, espe-cially as no one new living is likely to see another. The weather magnificent, and as I stood at the top of the steep flight of steps which led into the Forum Romanum the scene was soul-stirring; below lay the monuments of many ages, their rough edges softened by clinging green things, and clumps of imperial purple iris, which positively glowed in th sun. As the king and queen slowly de-scended the steps they became, for me, Augustus and the Empress Livia, the ruined temples were rebuilt, the groups of students were toga-clad youths, and he who recited the Carmen Securare was Hor-ace himself. Queen Margherita made the circuit of the Forum, and even here more modern contrasts were not wanting, for, as Horace's invocation to Alme Sol rose on the Roman air, the door of a monas-tery which abuts on the Forum was thrown open and a young Dominican monk clad in white, stood motionless, looking down on the fair Queen of Italy, which forbidden glimpse may well have cost him a severe penance. The queen was draped in fairy-like garments of gray, so pale as to look white in the distance, with narrow black lace laid on in a pattern, and a cape to match. She looked the incarnation of spring, while the king, martial in bearing, stood for winter with his long white

The Daffodils.

Long, long ago, when this old world was young. Before first thrushes on first blossom swung: While yet Night reigned, in fragrance soft

mustache and gray hair."

O'er all the world there crept a subtle thrill:

Strange, steady, strong it came apace, and Night, Affrighted, fled before the triumphant Light. And where the Sun's first kisses touched the hills.

There sprang and grew the golden daffodils.

-Gladys Hyatt, in Truth.

Ibsen's Plays in Paris.

"But Ibsen is a dramatist; so far as mera dramaturgic skill goes, he is one of the greatest of all dramatists. Almost every one of his social dramas has been performed in Paris; and even though some of them have been acted but two or three times, still they have been seen on the stage-the only true provingground of genuine dramatist's work. Few of these plays really pleased the Parisians,—and why should they? Ibsen is not Gallic, but very Scandinavien; he is not at all gay, indeed he is austere. But atter they had seen a certain numthe Englishman's predilection for the American girl is a recently developed passion. Such is by no means the case. If American visitors should care to see a portrait in oi's of one of the verifiest American girls to catch an Englishman of position let them journey to Boonton Hall, in the County of Norfolk, the hall that was in former days the seat ber of these Scandinavian austerities

The Heliograph War.

Before the war of 1870-71, optical tele-graphy comprised signaling by means of flags by day, and by means of lanterns or torches by night; but in that war the heliograph proved its efficiency. The nenograph proved its efficiency. The elec-tric light was at once suggested to make the system independent of sunshine and fair weather, but the difficulty of hav-ing it on hand in the field was then too great, so other sources of light (such as improved petroleum lamps) were used. England, however, adhered to the heliograph, and had great success in its use in India and in South Africa, in some cases for distances of more than 100 miles. Ordinarily, however, the hellomiles. Ordinarily, nowever, the energy graph, using as it does the sun's rays as the source of light, is limited to a range of about 45 miles; but by means of relay stations, it can, of course, be used to much greater distances. However, the state of t used to much greater distances. However, in the field such relay stations are liable to interruption by the enemy's cavalry, the messages can often be intercepted at certain points by interposing a cloud of smoke made by burning brush or damp straw, and, finally, the number of repetitions increases the chances of error. The electric are light is far more efficient is independent of the weather efficient, is independent of the weather and can be used by night as well as by day. By its means the range has been extended to more than four, hundred miles. In the Transvaal war the British made use for this purpose of the electric search lights from the ships, and this was, ineed, the only means of communication with the external world relied upon by the beselged garrisons of Ladysmith and Kimberley.—Engineering Magazine.

Friends.

This love demands too much, me-

thinksthinks—
Too much of striving and unrest.
Too many blows for scanty bliss.
Too much dependent on a kiss.
Too much concealed, too much con-

One wearies of a ceaseless glare—Give me your friendship's shadowing.
The knowledge of a sympathy
And confidence that may not be
Distorted by a little thing.

Yet, let ours be the gentler way, The level eyes, the steady hand; Not love that bloweth hot or cold-

Doe craveth peace as one grows old— Let us be wise and understand.

Theodore Pickering Garrison, in New England Magazine.

Musical Possibilities in Poe's Poems. "Music runs throughout Poe's poetry. It s the first thing that strikes the ear. ouis E. Van Norman, in a recent address Louis E. Van Norman, in a recent address on 'Poe and His Poeties,' said: 'It is not surprising that this is so, for he believed the musical element to be the very soul of verse. It is to be regretted that American musicians have overlooked Poe in their lyric and operatic compositions. The poems of Poe are a field of fresh, untroden lyrical beauty. Euphony, forcible diction, rhythmic flow, intelligibility, the lyric and dramatic spirit—all the qualities necessary for descriptive music are present in and dramatic spirit—air the quanties nec-essary for descriptive music are present in their perfection. What a grand, welrd, soul-stirring opera or oratorio could be built up around "The Raven" as a central theme if these ount up around the Haven as a central theme, if there were only some American Wagner to call forth the music! Leigh Irvine, in a recent number of "The Coming Age," echoes the same idea when he speaks of Poof, tallitarities majoritor. Same March 1988. of Poe's 'alliterative melodies. of Poe's 'alliterative meiodies. Says Mr.
Irvine: 'Poe viewed poetry through the
eye of art. He studied effects and attained them. He wrote with elecution in
view, as the actor studies his art. He
wrote for the heart. He was an actor, in
the role of the poet, and had an intense
nature born to realize the dramatic.''—
Stanley Schell, in "Werner's Magazine."

The Jewelled Map of France. The Jeweiled Plap of France.
This Russian map (presented to France by the Czar) ought to hang, not at the Louvre, but in the New Jerusalem, as described in the Apocalypse. The list of the gems marking the second and third-rate towns seems borrowell from that of the foundation stones given by the Seer of Patmos. There was no diamond in the New Jerusalem; there is a very large one-larger than a Mazarin diamond—in the map it represents Paris. Was not one—larger than a shazarii unifolicati the map. It represents Paris. Was not this a sweet compliment to the brilliant capital—la Ville Lumiere? Each depart-ment is figured by a jasper of a peculiar hue, and the Department of the Seine by hue, and the Department of the Seine by an inkish one that can no longer be found in the market. The big diamond is not anything like so precious as the pink jas-per surrounding it. Rich and rare gems stand for all the towns of importance, and are set in gold. The whole thing-a yard

square—has a curious cloissone appearance.

I hear that the Grand Duchess Helena, eister-in-law of Nicholas I., give a similar map to the Czareviich Nicholas, uncle of the present Czar. But it was of Fin-land only. Sapphires represented the lakes. However, it was not to be compared in workmanship and size to the one presented to M. Loubet, and contained only twenty to M. Loubet, and contained only twenty, varieties of stones. The map of France, between departments and towns, contains nearly 200 varieties, all found in Siberia. The exactness of the map exceeds, perman war Office. The naps, any of the German War Office. haps, any of the German War Office. The names are in inial gold and the rivers in platinum. Every stone is firmly secured by its gold setting. This singular toy for Marianne is to hang in the Salle des Etats at the Louvre. The agate representing Alsace takes a greenish tinge. color, you know, of hope. All the outly-ing frontier States and the seas that wash the coast of France are in agates of dif-ferent shades.—Paris Correspondence London Truth.

A Japanese on Books About Japan.

Now the making of books on Japan and things Japanese is 2 fashionable business in the West, and sense and fashion de not seem to go together always. Tragedy comes when one takes nonsense seriously; the penalty of the lack of humor is a very sad thing. The "Mikado" and—which is worse—Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysan-theme" oh, dear! what have you done that you should be doomed to take these things seriously? "Why, the 'Mikado'? we all know that it is a comic opera!" you tell me. All that does not, however, prevent you from basing, unconsciously no doubt, much of your ideas of Japan upon

There is a vast deal of humor-that is, for the Japanese—to watch the West sit down to the feast of enlightenment served by a three-months-in-a-treaty-port authority on things Japanese. More en-tertaining still, when it pays a goodly sum and receives, in its dusty humiliation, a romance ("Madame Butterfly," for

a romance ("Madame Butterfly," for example) published between the dignified covers of a high-priced monthly, and—takes it serfously.

I am a Japanese, and naturally, I know nothing of Japan—that is true. And it is simply and outrageously absurb for me to sit in judgment over the enlightened judges from abroad—and heaven forbid that I shall ever be guilty of such a thing! At the same time I may perhaps be allowed to be amused, may I not? For